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PEACE ANECDOTES.

Pleasures of War.—Entire regiments of the French troops about Algiers have been cut off by fevers. Several battalions of 600 have lost 200 each. At Phillipsville, 950 soldiers were crowded into a miserable building not capable of holding 300. Some officers had not slept on a bed for five years. In Constantine, many of the sick were lying in the streets.

Phelan and his wife.—In a sanguinary action of the Swallow, there was a seaman named Phelan, who had a wife on board. She was stationed (as is usual, when women are on board in time of battle) to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yard arm and yard arm, the wounded were brought below very fast; and among the rest was a messmate of her husband's (consequently her own), who had received a musket ball through the side. Her exertions were made to console the poor fellow, who was in great agony, and nearly breathing his last, when, by some chance, she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already over-powered feelings could not one moment be restrained; she rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms. He faintly raised his head to kiss her. She burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage; all would yet be well; but scarcely had she pronounced the last syllable, when an ill-directed shot took off her head. The poor tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, and then shut them for ever.

The way to make quarrels.—“I wish I owned all the pasture land in the world,” said Bob. “Well, I wish I owned all the cattle in the world,” said Ned. “How could you feed them?” asked Bob. “I’d turn them into your pasture,” said Ned. “No you wouldn’t.” “Yes I would.” “No you wouldn’t.” “Yes I would.” “You shant!” “I shall!” And then came the fisticuffs,—and O! how they did fight!

How to cure quarrels.—A visiter once went into a Sabbath school in Boston, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face

showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said she, "you had much better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against a blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. The tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister, and with his little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

The soldier subdued by kindness.—F. Grummet, M. P., relates the following incident which occurred while he was passing, as a prisoner under a military escort, through a small village in France:

"I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered, and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon, we halted in the market-place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity,—I think it was Melle,—to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this, an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl very prettily dressed, and "Pauvre garçon!" "Pauvre prisonnier!" were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes she reappeared; but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me, she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. O! what a luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, while the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

"During this process numbers had collected round, and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity. Eulalie heeded them not; but, when her task was finished, she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face."

We hear much about the supposed *necessity* of fighting in our own defence ; but, with the tale of such kindness fresh in his memory, is there a soldier on earth that could imbrue his hands in Eulalie's blood ? Would a *nation* of such spirits ever be assailed ?

WILLIAM PENN.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The fame of this singular reformer and lawgiver is destined to brighten through the lapse of all future ages. His life and character should be made as familiar to all Christendom as the memory of Washington is to the people of this country ; and, long after the last warrior's foot-print shall have been effaced from the earth, and the deeds of war shall be forgotten, or remembered only with surprise, abhorrence and sorrow, shall his name live in the admiration of a Christianized world.

Penn, the son of a British admiral, was born in London, 1644. At the age of fifteen, he was entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford. He was of a religious temperament, and held devotional meetings with some of the students in private, for which he was finally expelled the college. He then visited France, and became a proficient in the French language. On his return, he commenced the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, of which he was admitted a member. He remained there till his twenty-second year, when he went to Ireland to assume the management of one of his father's estates. While there, he proclaimed his adherence to the cause of the Quakers, notwithstanding its unpopularity, and was imprisoned at Cork, but was released through the instrumentality of his friends. At twenty-four, he first appeared as minister and author ! His first essay of any importance, was entitled *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*. For this he was imprisoned seven months in the Tower of London. During his confinement he wrote his celebrated work, *No Cross, No Crown*, and finally obtained his release by an exculpatory vindication, entitled, *Innocence with her open face*.

The meetings of all Dissenters were, at this period, strictly forbidden ; but the Quakers, believing it to be their duty to assemble in religious worship, violated the injunction ; and Penn, who was in the habit of preaching to them, was committed to